

[illegible]

Lancelot slept little that night. He had too much to think about. He immediately on his return from his strange expedition he had learned from the professor of the note that he was supposed to have written. There was food for thought in that extraordinary forgery. Then he had discovered that the girl he loved so much in the arms of the Persian was evidently not at all uncomfortable in that amazing position. And last of all the Persian spoke some English, and was familiar with what had happened in London. No doubt this man had been there with Abdulrah. How Lancelot cursed his folly now in ever having set foot in Persia! He might have known that sooner or later he would have come across some of these mysterious Persian conspirators, and here he found himself settled in the very place in which they lived, and himself confronted with one who did not hesitate to charge him defiantly. He must get away from here at the first possible chance, that was clear. He had no fear that he would actually be killed, but only because he was sure that some person would come to anybody who would know about it would be an accomplice; and besides Englishmen were not punished in Persia for crimes committed in England. But these people might secretly try to get rid of one who shared a dreadful secret with them, and even if they did not care enough about the matter to do so, they would try to get rid of him, it was suggested, and put it mildly, to meet your fellow-murderers casually day by day. So Lancelot decided to go, but not alone if he could help it. He would play his last card to get Rose; if it were not a trump, he must give her up.

He thereupon went to Rose's father, and with affected hesitancy, told him what he witnessed the night before. The professor seemed incredulous. His Rose, kissing a Persian whom she had never seen until that day; the idea was ridiculous.

"She cannot deny it," said Lancelot. "I saw it. And I would as have told you perhaps, professor, fearing to seem somewhat petty; but then I am deeply concerned personally. I will perhaps surprise you to learn that I love your daughter profoundly, and that she was the magnet, and the cause of my coming here. I would like to imagine my feelings during the long journey, impelled by love alone, and what I found last night on the very day the journey ended."

Lancelot talked for some time, thus straining to the surprised professor, who could not deny that the young man had conducted himself with propriety and discretion. Lancelot concluded by declaring that he was sure that the professor of the night before was only the exaggerated expression of a momentary feeling of gratitude towards a man who had rescued a beloved father from peril at Kum, and that he, Lancelot, thought no less of her for the impulsive act. He suggested at last with much deference that it might relieve the anxiety of the professor to know that his own girl was recognized as the accepted partner of the hand of Rose.

"But Rose?" cried the professor. "She has been brave, but she has been with Fitz-Mallock. It is too soon."

"Pardon me," said Lancelot. "I try to put the best construction I can of last night; but I am forced to say that I do not think her heart is so far away as you like to think it is."

The professor, who knew what the Persian, think of some, trembled at the idea of his fair and persecuted daughter in love with one of them.

"Her mother must be consulted," said her father.

"Why not now?" asked Lancelot.

"I cannot bear delay."

Mrs. Aydelott, duly summoned, was shocked and horrified beyond description at the news she heard.

"I could not resist it," she said. "If I had not reason to know Mr. Lancelot's straightforwardness, and know, too, that he is a very different sort of young man from that dissipated Fitz-Mallock."

The anxious mother flew to her daughter, and taxed her with kindness.

"I did."

"You did," said Rose, with cheeks red as the crimson silk skirt that she was holding.

"I—I forgot myself, mother," she said hesitating.

"Forget yourself?" echoed her mother, with indescribable scorn.

"And you brought up in a Christian home—hail, I never!"

"He—his father's life," murmured Rose, looking down.

"Did I kiss him for love?" asked the irate lady, "and yet I have a right to be as grateful as you, I suppose."

"Mother," said Rose, lifting her head gallantly and looking straight at her angry face that confronted her, "think there is a great deal about a heart that ought to make us very anxious, and care no time to discuss my faults and errors. I kissed the Persian, I admit it; now I shall care no more about it except that Mr. Lancelot might have been more profitably employed than in carrying tale to you."

"Rose, you are hopeless; you compare yourself in London, you degrade yourself in Persia—"

"That will do," said Rose, with impetuous calm.

"Thank God there is a true gentleman in the world who loves you in spite of your follies," cried her mother, and who will save you from yourself."

"And this true gentleman is who?"

"Mr. Lancelot. He loves you. He has very properly taken to your father and to me first; and he has our consent."

"And how about mine?"

"You shall marry him, with or without your consent."

"No," said Rose. "I shall marry my dearest friend, the girl who has been the Persian, and spend my days in eating sweets and taking baths, and my nights in dipping bare feet in fountains while nightingales warble, and the moon shines bright."

This assumed flippancy accomplished its end. Mrs. Aydelott did not know how to answer.

small matter. Her lover's life hangs on her word. She would give me a hint, even though she were turned into the streets.

The mother ran frightened to her husband.

"God help me," she cried. "I believe our daughter loves this heathen."

"Albared!" cried her father.

"Never mind whom she loves," said her mother, "she shall marry Lancelotti."

"With your permission, dear Mrs. Aydeleotti," said Lancelotti.

At that moment came the expected message from the governor that he would receive the professor in audience.

Come, Lancelotti," said the professor. "It will be useful to know the governor, and besides, you are my secretary. It will add to my dignity and to yours."

"As your son-in-law-to-be," suggested Lancelotti, "that is the most honourable position I could have in the world."

As my son-in-law it shall be," said the old man, sadly, but kindly. He put his hand on Lancelotti's shoulder with affectionate regard.

"You cannot love her more so selfishly than I do," he murmured, "is broken voice," he kind to her."

Lancelotti shook his hand warmly and said "trust me."

Then as they went out, he bent over and kissed Mrs. Aydeleotti's hand.

"You are honest and true," she cried, "and I give you my daughter willingly, with a mother's blessing."

It was not marriage, but the professor called his "secretary" was long-tailed from coats, and covered their boots with galeshes. To remove these at the door is accepted by Persians from Europeans as the equivalent of taking off the boots, in which, of course, no Persian goes inside a dwelling.

"This derwish," said the professor, as they walked along, "is high in favour with the Khan, and I will not omit to call on him. He is a man who hardly do so without commenting somewhat on my daughter; and we are so surrounded by mysteries that I know not what to do exactly. That we have been followed by this derwish is now clear to me. That it was he who has made these dastardly efforts to steal her away is also clear. He is the only man I have heard of in this city whose wife speaks English well, all and that someone said him to be as the author of the note of warning signed by you."

"I think it is all quite clear now," said Lancelotti. "He must have written the note to make you think I was safe. He had us all dragged, that I, a possible rival, a young man travelling in your party, constantly seeing your daughter might be spirited away. By some accident, the men who were bringing me away were frightened, and I fortunately got lost."

"All that seems very reasonable," said the professor. "Lancelotti, you are much cleverer than I am."

Having thus settled one of the mysteries to their own satisfaction, they passed into the governor's garden.

In the meantime, the derwish, riding high on one of those tides of favour that rise and fall with sudden force in the Orient, found himself already indispensable to his Excellency. His knowledge of the Persian language had secured the professor's party had delighted the governor. Fittalalkoff's wide reading of the Persian classics had made him an apt speaker of the courtly phrases so pleasing to the ears of the educated Persian; and he had learned from books a fairly accurate knowledge of the precise and somewhat cumbersome etiquette that regulated the manners of an iron-bound court. He had told the governor that he had acquired some English in the course of a visit to Constantinople, and that he would be glad to be of use if that language were needed in the intercourse with the professor. The Khan had heard this with unaccountable satisfaction, and announced that he had a paper written in English which he had desired for no one, to decipher for him. Fittalalkoff was only slightly interested in this. Even, as was possible, if the paper referred to himself, even if it had been stolen from the cabinet, into which he and his loved one had looked with such eagerness, his own affairs interested him but slightly now. All his energies, all his thoughts, were concentrated on the conquest of getting away from there. He had told the governor that he had acquired some English in the course of a visit to Constantinople, and that he would be glad to be of use if that language were needed in the intercourse with the professor. The Khan had heard this with unaccountable satisfaction, and announced that he had a paper written in English which he had desired for no one, to decipher for him. Fittalalkoff was only slightly interested in this. 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have told Rose's father of the incident; Rose might have confessed who he was to save himself from misconstruction; Lascelles might even tell the Khan of the incident through whatever channel of communication might exist. To guard against the possibility of rousing the jealousy of the Khan, Fitz-Mallack told him with laughter that the girl's father was very jealous of her, and had abruptly driven her away from her with much suspicion.

"If anything happens to that English girl," said the dervish, with a laughter sadly forced, "her father will suspect me, and I shall have to take the blame of your Excellency's action."

The Khan laughed with pleasure at hearing this. Nothing could gait him better.

"Go on, clever dervish," he cried, "you take the suspicion, and I will take the girl; and afterwards you shall have a robe of honour."

Fitz-Mallack rose from his heels, on which he was sitting with much pain and difficulty, and bowed low at the prospect of such reward.

Then the Khan and he sat upright with dignity, for the visitors were ushered in.

The two would-be murderers of Limahosse. Canaway thus came suddenly face to face, and looked at one another in silent consternation.

CHAPTER XX.

A STRANGE MEETING.

The fat-bellied eyes of the Khan bulge in astonished recognition, and his pearly fingers close nervously on the stem of the pipe lying by his side. Lascelles trembles, and casts off his lips the cry of indignation and surprise.

The dervish sees all this, he knows now that these two men have met, but were not expecting to meet again.

The air is charged with electricity; even the professor feels it. He looks at his prospective son-in-law in surprise, a little contemptuous that he should be so embarrassed on meeting a simple Persian governor. Then, as the eyes turn with eager on the dervish, he takes his seat on the carpet.

"May your honorable person be conjoined with good fortune," says the Khan at length, as his little eyes study with amused curiosity the old man who was fool enough to believe that the Persians wanted to see him, because he wrote books.

"In meeting you, Oh Khan, the good fortune has come," is the response.

Your arrival has brightened the day, and made my heart glad," remarks his Excellency.

"Grief falls as the camel's pack, when one meets the honoured governor of this great district," gallantly replies the professor.

"The enamelled dome of heaven's more radiant since the professor desired to come under it," rejoins the governor.

While the professor is digesting with an inward smile the idea that Femia has a monopoly of the sky, a servant is bringing a silver tray with a Russian maneuver. Segars until it is syrup, it is handed in small cups. The professor and the Khan exchange further compliments, but there is a shadow over the meeting that can be felt by all. His Excellency's eyes turn each instant towards Lascelles; the professor watches the dervish.

"My young companion and secretary, who accompanies me," says the Khan to Dr. Lascelles. I present him to your Excellency as guest on whom the brightness of your favour may shine."

"He has already gained my good opinion," says the Khan, "he came with you, how could it be otherwise?"

Lascelles mutters an embarrassed acknowledgment of the greeting, when it is translated to him, which the professor transforms into a flowing compliment.

The pipe is handed round. The dervish tries to hide religious prejudices to the Khan's intake, but refuses to touch the mouthpieces that have been sullied by infidel lips, and a new mouthpiece is procured for him. He takes two silent whiffs, and hands the talisman to the Khan.

The smoke chokes Lascelles. The steady watchfulness of the dervish disconcerts him; the dead eyes of the Khan gleam on him, deep, cold, curious. He determines to fly that day; Kashan is no place for him, that is evident.

Sherbets (water-ices) are handed followed with orange juice and pomegranates.

"Who is your doctor?" asks the Khan.

"He comes to engage in his profession. He is skilful, your Excellency."

"I welcome a disciple of Galen," is the response.

"He will be my son-in-law," says the professor with compunction, as he remembers that Rose has not consented; but he knows he ought to say it. The dervish will understand that there are young hands to protect her now.

The effect of this simple announcement is remarkable.

The Khan's eyes now gleam malignantly on Lascelles as he smiles and murmurs congratulations.

Lascelles is transfused with the shadow of his friend, the Governor of Kashan.

Lascelles does not know what his father-in-law-to-be has said, but he wishes it had not been said. He feels a cold chill down his back. Will this horrible interview never end?

The servants are an interminable time in serving coffee. The Khan smiles on the professor, and tells him at great length of the education of his friend, the Governor of Kashan.

The old man infuses with pleasure, and begins to have more confidence in the Khan. He complains of the attack on his caravan. The governor is shocked, but reminds him that it occurred outside of his district.

"Beyond Kun," he remarks benignly, "they are barbarians; but in Kashan nothing shall annoy the professor—nothing. The honoured student shall be treated under the shadow of his friend, the Governor of Kashan."

The professor looks at the dervish, and hopes that the latter has grasped the fact that the governor is his friend. He breathes more freely; he feels that his daughter and his wife and himself are henceforth secure.

Suddenly he remembers something.

"Surely," he cries, "your Excellency knows our Mirza Abdallah—what has become of him?"

Lascelles catches the name, and turns as white as a sheet.

The governor is watching him.

"I know him," answers the Khan, "he is not in London!"

The professor comments on the man's

strange action in not coming to see him.

"I have understood," says the governor, with marked emphasis, as though he had endured through all the same disagreeable circumstances which have been put to inconvenience by this man."

The professor rises to leave. He makes a casual reference to the British Minister at Tehran, and to his energy, and the energy of the British Government in protecting British subjects abroad. It is just as well, he thinks, that everybody should be reminded of these things once in a while.

The governor smiles, and says he knows the energy and greatness of England, and knows that it protects its subjects everywhere. Then he orders out a guard of honour, and sends it with the professor on a tour of inspection of the town. Thus everybody will learn that the English people in Kashan are cherished friends of his.

Lacolle rises to go with the professor.

"No," cries the Khan, "I will set a good example, the good doctor shall stay and practise for me."

Lacolle fears that it is he who will have to take the prescription, but there is nothing for it but to stay. So the professor goes quite relieved, and happy that his son-in-law-to-be is making such a brilliant beginning.

Lacolle endeavours to assume his professional air, and fails completely. He is so distressed from one version to the other. He tries to swallow, but there is something in his throat that prevents it.

"Derwizh," says the Khan, "a man in his time does many things which he forgets, and wishes others to forget. You are to act as interpreter between me and this dog, and you are to hear nothing and forget everything."

"May I be your carnicide," is the answer, but I have no memory."

He sits on the sofa, making his acquaintance. His position is the strangest ever known to man. He is to convey words between his two murderers; one of whom claims to be engaged to the girl he loves, and the other of whom is plotting to betray her to the worst enemy.

He prays for strength to conceal his feelings, to act like a machine, to hand over the passing words he shall hear without any sign, that shall disclose the meaning, their reason.

"Where is Abdullah?" is the first eager question.

"Is his coffin,"

"Does he owe some?" The Khan is violently excited.

Lacolle tells the whole of the strange story, concealing nothing.

"Al, wai! wai!" wails the governor. "he was my faithful servant, and my father's—may his soul rest in Paradise."

"Buried," cries he, "with the other's certificate? Where, then, is the other buried?"

Pitakmalook puts this question as though he is asking the price of a pound of beef. His nerves are sound—thank Heaven!

"I cannot tell," is the strange answer.

"Astafarullah!" shouts the Khan with incredulous rage. "you know not what became of the man you killed, this Foolak! Take as he called himself."

"I only know that he is surely dead."

The man who is "surely dead" translates this without adding any explanations.

"Frais Allah for that," says the Khan pitifully. "you are sure?"

"Sure," is the answer. Lacolle is so alarmed that he dares not say almost to the end of his life.

"It is well; where is that soundrel, Kertolai?"

Lacolle shrugs his shoulders, as though to say that he knows nothing.

"Why did you come here?"

"I knew not that I should see in the governor of Kashan the acquaintance of London. I am to marry the daughter of the honoured professor; what more natural than to accompany her?"

"It is a good reason," says the Khan, as he thinks to himself that this girl is giving him a great deal of trouble. He gets rid of one lover (or thinks he has), and lo! she has another within less than two months. He hums to himself the couplet.

"The pen which writes as if it knew,
A woman's promise, splits in two."

He would be very angry with this Lacolle, he thinks, if they were elsewhere than at Kashan; but there, it is so easy to get rid of rivals—if one has the governor, and when he has the little bird locked up in his cage, there will be no fear that her inconstant heart will stray from him. The Persian ways of preventing that are effective. His emise with such cordiality at Lacolle that the derwizh, who is beginning to understand his august master a little bit, thinks that here that the young English doctor has not a very brilliant outlook as a practitioner in Kashan.

"Now," cries the governor with much cordiality, "everything is clear to me so far as you can make it. Let the past be forgotten. I shall help you here. You served me, and you will find that I pay my debts. Tell everybody that you have been prescribing for me, and have cured me. My doctor will hate you, but the people will come to you. Get your fee in advance, or you won't get them at all; and now good day."

"I thank your Excellency," answers the hopeful doctor, with a brightening face. It is all right now. He will not go away.

"May the sunshine of prosperity warm your heart," says the governor to his newly-appointed physician withdrawing from the room.

The Khan claps his hands loudly, and the master of the household enters.

"Farrash Bashi," cries the governor, "the young Englishman who has gone out is a murderer. Have him seized to be put to death as quietly, and put his body in the gulf sea, not there, here—bring him here, to the dungeon under the private apartments. Go, do not fail."

"On my head be it," answers the Farrash, as he bows low and departs on his errand.

"You see, derwizh," says the Khan, turning with a smile. "I am a very good man, I do not leave crime long unpunished."

The derwizh bows low, and does not contradict the master's opinion of himself.

He begins here to be excused from attendance for a time. He hurries out into the street, and makes his way to the caravanserai. There the Armenian minister is awaiting him. He ex-

mines with care the horses the Armenian has bought for him. He is satisfied with their quality, but the price is staggering. His haggles, not that he cares for the money, but that the muletiers may not think him mad. "This man going to Tehran with his party, and must not get the idea that his master is either a fool or a lunatic."

"We start at nine-to-night," he says when the horse have been paid for, at nine o'clock, sharp, mind." And he names a sum that the muletier shall receive as bonus for promptness that opens his eyes with astonishment.

The derwish says we shall start, but he warns them for he is not going himself. He has much to do. If they are married, perhaps, he able to render pursuit ineffective. He incurs great danger by remaining, for he can hardly hope to conceal long from the Khan that he has helped the English to get away. The spies of the governor are everywhere.

But he does not care for himself now. He is drinking off of Rosa. He will let them down his life if he can save the man from the fate that threatens her.

He hurries to her father's house. As he walks through the hot sun, he decides his course as to Lancettes, who will probably betray the fleeing party if he gets the chance. He must not leave the opportunity. In the dungeon of the Khan he is safe. He is almost as safe as a fugitive flying towards the desert. The derwish desires to warn Lancettes to flee to the coast. It would not be necessary to the murder of an Englishman, even though that man has disgraced his country. As he nears the door in the wall that opens into the professor's courtyard, he sees the Farshah Bashi. He recognizes among the throng of passers-by others of the Khan's servants. He raises his eyebrows and looks towards the professor's house.

"Yes, derwish," says the Farshah, "we wait for the dog of an Englishman."

"I would that you were taking the old scandalous too," says the ferocious derwish, and the Farshah smiles in sympathy with the staunch Mohammedanism of the derwish. The latter takes Lancettes aside, points out that the Khan wants no disturbance of any kind, suggests that they await the Englishmen in the desert, and promises to send the victim there under pretence that the governor wants to see him. It is boiling hot in the street, the courtyard is cool and shady, and the arrest may be more quickly effected there, so the Farshah accepts the suggestion of the derwish immediately.

The latter disappears in the professor's courtyard, and inquires at the door of the derwish as to the coming of summons with surprise and curiosity.

The derwish, calm, stern, forbidding, says in his natural voice, in perfect English, "you have one chance for your life—the governor has issued the order for your arrest. If you go to the port-house now, and take horse for the north, you may escape."

Lancettes looks at the other in growing terror. He comes close and peers into the derwish's face, his cheeks shudder, his teeth chattering.

"Fitmakallock!" he whispers at last. His voice hunky and broken.

"Never mind from whom the warning comes"—is the reply in measured tones—"go now, now."

"Fitmakallock!" repeats the other. He has not heard the words addressed to him.

"Come fit yourself together," says Fitmakallock roughly, "your life hangs on minutes."

Lancettes makes a supreme effort and drags his distraught faculties together. He listens as the other repeats his warning.

Then he catches up his hat and dashes out of the house without a word.

(To be continued.)

THE ORGAN STRUCK UP.

QUEER STORIES TOLD IN A PROBATE CASE.

In the Probate Court, Pascoe v. Marnett was an action arising out of the alleged ill of the wife of Joseph H. Pascoe, of Camden Town.—Plaintiff, Mr. Pascoe, claimed administration of Mrs. Pascoe's estate on the ground of intestacy, but defendant, Mrs. Emily Marnett, formerly a nurse, set up a will of Dec. 28, 1906, under which she benefited to the extent of £100. Plaintiff admitted this will, alleging that it was voluntarily executed, and that the testatrix was not of sound mind.—Mr. Deane said that Mrs. Pascoe, who was born in 1861, was married to plaintiff last year, but they only lived together for a month and then parted. Deceased had private means to the extent of £2,000 or £3,000. She was denied that she used to drink considerably, and that this hastened her death.

OF BOXING DAY.

On Boxing Day she went to her own home, accompanied by defendant, and there endeavored to make a will, and she wrote three or four lines beginning—£100 to defendant. Two witnesses were called in and the will executed. Witnesses were invited to have a drop of brandy, and just then a street organ struck up and they all danced. Two days later testatrix was found dead from syncope. The two attending witnesses did not remember testatrix putting her signature to the will.

A MATTER OF BROOM.

Joseph Pascoe said his wife had been very fond of brooms, and that he treated her with great brutality. Mr. Powels Did you ever lift your hand against your wife? Yes; when she struck me with a broom. (Laughter.)—Mr. Powels: Was she drunk on the day of your wedding? Mr. Glynn, K.C.: I am told that is usual.

WITNESS AFTER.

Witness, continuing, said that he was at the party on Christmas Day. It was not a teetotal party. The next day he found his wife in bed with her clothes on and a stick between her. On awakening she said, "Well, Joe, I don't know what's come over me." In view of fact, her property was worth nearly £700 or £800.—The jury held that Mrs. Pascoe knew what she was doing, and found for Mrs. Smart.

THE BAND OF THE 1st Life Guards Will play in Green Park this evening.

The L. and S.W. and G.W.R. Co. announce that during the summer months a day and night boat will ply from Guernsey and Jersey each weekday.

Bowling Green.—Mrs. Robinson's Carriage Club will meet at one Ballroom and Culture Club in the afternoon at 3.30 p.m. Tickets for ladies, 10s.; for all classes and novices, 7s. 6d. Refreshments served. Ladies' dress—white. Refreshment tables will be laid out in the hall.

THE BOOKMAN.

[illegible]

THE COST OF WAR.

From the day when Achilles fasted, those days and nights over the body of Patroclus, slain in the ten years' siege before the stout walls of Troy, have we learned of war's sorrows.

The Duke of Wellington wept like a child when he surveyed the bloody, hard-won field of Waterloo. Methuen, it is said, broke down at the ghastly sight of Magenta's fate, and returned to his tent that the men might not witness his grief.

"Who dead is must be buried," says Homer, and, we might add, "who ill is must die."

So thought Private John Smith, living now at 12, South Uxbridge-street, Burton-on-Trent. The "Aurora" steamed out to the Cape on December 27th, 1899, with this soldier aboard her (that was before she steamed back with the gallant O.L.V.) and in telling me of his trials, on August 29th, 1899, Private Smith says that that part of his duty was pleasant enough.

"Shortly after Earl Roberts' famous march into Krugstad, we were stationed between that town and Jacobdahl to guard the line of communication. Towards the end of April I was laid low with that fall disease enteric fever.

"There were hundreds of men down with it. It has laid low more men than all the shot and shell that was ever fired by the Bow Artillery. For several weeks I was in the fever hospital. My stomach was converted into a manufactory of torturing pains and I grew as weak and helpless as a new-born babe.

"I was for days unconscious, but gradually recovered sufficiently to be invalided home."

Yet the suffering of Private Smith was not over.

"I went aboard the Hospital Ship 'Himavah' in June," he says, "and shortly afterwards sailed for home. During my short stay in South Africa, I lost over 25 lbs. in weight. Nothing that I took relieved the constant vomiting, or increased my strength."

"After," he says, "I had been home a few days, my brother, who is an engine driver on the Midland Railway—not of an armoured train—advised me to try Mother Selgel's Syrup. I got a bottle. I found it was doing me good. The vomiting ceased, and I was able to enjoy all kinds of food. My appetite is now enormous."

"Altogether I have taken four bottles of Mother Selgel's Syrup, and gladly give you permission to use and publish my statement. This Syrup is a fine tonic and a great medicine for the stomach. I can especially recommend it to soldiers returning from South Africa in feeble health."

Wellington knew the bitter cost of war in 1815.

Methuen in 1899 and 1900.

And the hero of this narrative? 1899, too. He was a personal cost. "Green vomit," Charles Roode writes, "laid her sickly hand on him."

A broken man—Until the kindly office of Selgel's Curative Syrup put him on the stepping-stone of "first health," which is health.

[Advertisement.]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

VIOLIN, MANDOLINE, BANJO, GUITAR, CORNET, SAXHORN, CLARINET, FLUTE, and all

SOUND INSTRUMENTS.

MUSICAL BOXES, POLYPHONES, ORGANS, ACCORDIONS, and GRAMOPHONES. PHONOGRAPHS, &c.

Exceptional Value.
CASES OR INSTALLMENTS.
 Guitars P.M. Catalogue Free.

DOUGLAS AND CO.,
 7, SOUTH-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
 (N.E. Magazine, Broad-st., & Liverpool-st. Stations)

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY TO THE PUBLIC.

ON DEFERRED PAYMENTS OF FOR CASH.
NO EXCESSIVE PRICES.
WE HIDE NO MEN'S PROFITS.

HERETOBY the great expense has permitted only the wealthy classes to place themselves in possession of a Piano or Organ. But now, however, have allowed the principle to supply a complete piano, and durable instrument at FACTORY PRICES, allowing the purchaser to acquire by Monthly Installments. (Harping paid.) A GUARANTEE NOTE AND INTEREST IS GIVEN WITH EVERY INSTRUMENT.

Illustrated Price List and Particulars of Cash Deferred Payment Arrangements Sent Free Upon Request.

BOYD,
 19, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.
 (Close Raffles Circus).
 Open 9.30 till 6.30. Saturdays 9.30 to 6.30.

STANTLEY, BUT TRUE.
HANDSOME BLOUSE FREE.

TO GET CLEAR OUT the remainder of a Batch of very cheap of the LONDON TAILORS' CUSTOMS' SKIRT to 50% or 60% off the retail price of 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. for each and every pair of all charge, a handsome

BLACK SILKETTE BLOUSE.

Bound in a Remembrance to 50% and Wearing them in the LONDON TAILORS' CUSTOMS' SKIRT are CUT IN THE VERY LATEST FASHION.

SEND AT ONCE.

As this Offer will Only Remain open a Few Days, and after present stock is exhausted cannot be repeated.

ADDRESS:
SEAW AND CO.,
 Dept. "F." THE LONDON TAILORS,
 6, LOVE-LANE, WOODSTREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE ORGAN STRUCK UP.
THEE STORIES TOLD IN A PROBAB

CASE.

In the Probate Court, Pascoe v. Smart was an action arising out of the alleged will of the wife of Joseph Pascoe, of Camden Town, who lived up to her death, on Dec. 31 last, at Great College-st., Camden Town.—Plaintiff, Mr. Pascoe, claimed administration of his wife's estate on the ground that she had died testate under the will of Emily Pascoe, formerly a nurse, set up by will of Dec. 26, 1900, under which she benefited to the extent of £100. Plaintiff supposed this will, alleging that it was not duly executed, and that the deceased was not of sound mind.—Mr. Deane said that Mrs. Pascoe, who was born in 1827, was married to plaintiff ten or a month and then parted. Deceased had private means to the extent of £3,000 or £3,000. It could not be denied that she used to drink considerably, and that this hastened her death.

OF BOXING DAY.

On Boxing Day she went to her own home, accompanied by defendant, and said she was going to make a will, and she wrote three or four lines bequeathing £100 to defendant. Two witnesses called in the next year, but expected no Witnesses were invited to have a drop if brandy, and just then a street organ struck up and they all danced. Two days later testatrix was found dead from syncope. The two attesting witnesses said they did not remember PASCOE'S MATTER OF A BROOK.

Joseph Pascoe said his wife had been a heavy drinker. He had never treated her with cruelty.—Mr. Fowles: Did you ever lift your hand against your wife?—He said he never strove with her.—(Laughter).—Mr. Fowles: Was she drunk on the day of your wedding?—Mr. Glynn, C.J.: I am glad that is usual.

THE DAY AFTER.

Witnesses continuing, said that he was not a teetotal party. The next day he found his wife in bed with her clothes on and a stick beside her. On awakening she said, "Well, Joe, I think I'm giving off my chump." As a result of her merry words she was worth about £700 or £800.—The jury held that Mrs. Pascoe knew what she was doing, and found for Mrs. Smart.

The band of the 1st Life Guards will play in Green Park this evening. The L. and S.W. and G.W.R. Co. announce that during the summer months the day and night boat will be run between Gurnsey and Jersey each weekday.

DR. GREENMAN.—Dr. Robertson's Colic Cure, containing both the Italian and Chinese Remedies for Colic, Cholera, Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, Flatulence, Spasms, &c., &c., for all Children and Adults. Price 1s. 6d. per Bottle. Sold Everywhere. Beware of cheap imitations. Address: Dr. Greenman, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

The Army still the same man

But still the Cross is keenly sought,
Although the Queen be dead.
And though the tear, but half-suppressed,
Within the eye may spring,
We know that the Queen lives in her son,
Whom God preserve!—our King.

For still so long as England stands the
ruler of the seas,
And still her red cross flag may court the
wreath of the breeze,
So long shall Britain's soldiers roam
where fighting must be done,
Where hard blows fall and bitter death or
glory must be won.

The Norseman's blood is in our veins,
And Vikings still are we,
Keen as of old to face our foes be they
on land or sea.

What matter if the bullets sing, or if the
dead wound bleed?
The British staff is ready to applaud a
Gallant deed.

And though a bit of metal only hangs
upon the breast,
It tells enough—the details of the fight
and the gallant deeds—
For battlefields are much alive when once
the day is past.

Except that where the British fight the
British win at last.

MADON ST. MARTIN.
JUNE 12, 1901.

A MURDERER'S WILL.
Thomas Butler, who is charged with
murdering his five children at Charl-
wich, was again brought up at Wool-
wich this week. Since the last hearing
his will has been found made in favour
of the wife of January, 1897, but with
writing across it revealing it in favour
if his brother in the event of his chil-
dren being dead. Asked if he had any
further to say, Butler said his
only desire was to expedite matters,
and not to cause more trouble and in-
convenience than was necessary. He
thereafter stated that he intended to call
his wife at his trial.—He was then
committed to the Central Criminal
Court.

The Fund for the National Memorial
to Queen Victoria now exceeds
£118,000.

The G.C.R. in another column an-
nounces numerous excursions to the
Midlands and North.

MENTAL DISTRESS.—The morning glass, hap-
pily, has—has on early dose of her tea "from
him," followed by a large cup of hot tea, with
milk and sugar, and then a small cup of tea
or where you laid if you are troubled with Mrs.
"Fruit Salt." The effect on any tired, bilious,
or unsatisfactory condition is simply marvellous. It
is, in fact, a most powerful remedy, and an unex-
pected cure. Obtain—see Capsule marked Mrs.
"Fruit Salt." Without it you have a worthless
substitute.—(Advt.)

DRUMMING.
Formerly carried on a few days by a very simple,
but efficient, drummer. Full particulars
sent on request to all who send two stamps and
address to the Drummer, 10, St. George's Place,
London, E.C. 4.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

VIOLENS, MANOLINERS, BANJOS, GUITARS,
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FLUTES, and all
SOUND INSTRUMENTS.
MUSICAL BOXES, POLYPHONS,
ORGANETTES, ACCORDIONS, and
GRAMOPHONES.
PHONOGRAPHS, &c.
Exceptional Value.
CASES ON INSTALLMENT.
Catalogue Free. Catalogue Free.
Carriage Paid. Carriage Paid.
DOUGLAS AND CO.,
7, SOUTH-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
(Nt. Moorgate, Broad-st., & Liverpool-st. Stations)

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY TO THE
PURCHASER.
ON DEFERRED PAYMENTS OF
FOR CASH.
NO EXORBITANT PRICES.
NO MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT.

HERETOFORE the great expense has prevented and
the trouble of going to a Piano or Organ. **LOVE'S**, how-
ever, have adopted the principle to supply a full
selection, sound, and durable instruments at **FACTORY**
PRICES, allowing the purchaser to acquire it
without installation. **CARRIAGE PAID.**
A **GUARANTEE FOR TEN YEARS** IS GIVEN
Monthly Instalments.
Illustrated Price List and Particulars of these
Deferred Payment Arrangements sent Free Post.
BOYD,
19, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.
(Close Holborn Church).
Open 9.30 till 5.30. Saturdays, 9.30 to 5.30.

STARTLING, BUT TRUE.
HANDSOME BLOUSE FREE.

JUST TO CLEAR OUT the remainder of a Batch
of **VERY GOOD & TAILOR-MADE**
CUSTOMER SKIRT in Navy or
Black for the **LAST SUMMER** at
and for cartage, and trunks,
free of all charge, a **Handsome**

BLACK SILKETTE BLOUSE.
Equal in Length to Silk, and Wearing Twice as
Long as the **LAST SUMMER** CUT IN THE VERY
LATEST FASHION.

SEND AT ONCE.
As this Offer will Only Remain About a Few Days
and every present stock is exhausted cannot be
repeated.

ADDRESS:
SHAW AND CO.,
Dept. "F." THE LONDON TAILORS,
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PIANOS AND ORGANS.

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY TO THE PUBLIC.

**ON DEFERRED PAYMENTS OF
FOR CASH.**

**NO EXORBITANT PRICES.
NO MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT.**

WE HEREBY make the great expense have permitted our
the most extensive clearance sale, commencing in
possession of a Stock Palace on Organs. LADY'S, how-
ever, have adopted the principle to satisfy a
clothes, and durable in garments at FACTORY
PRICES, allowing the purchaser to acquire it by
Monthly Installments. CARRIED OUT
A GUARANTEE FOR TEN YEARS IS GIVEN
FOR THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

**Illustrated Price List and Particulars of Cash
Deferred Payment Arrangements from First to**

ROYD.

19, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.
(Near the Holborn Church).
Open 9.30 till 6.30. Saturdays 9.30 to 5.30.

STASTLING, BUT TRUE.

HANDSOME BLOUSE FREE.

**JUST TO CLEAR OUT the remainder of a Batch
of Best Stock of GENTS' CLOAKS
and SUITS, we sell TAILORS' CUT
OUTSTERN SKIRT, Hosiery or
Shawl, for the small sum of 4s. 6d.
and 1s. for trousers and waistcoat
free of all charge, a Handmade**

BLACK SILKETTE BLOUSE.

**Special Arrangements to Hire, and Wearing Ties to
the same, are made. ALL ARE CUT IN THE VERY
LATEST FASHION.**

SEND AT ONCE.

On this Offer will Only Remains a Few Days,
and after present stock is exhausted cannot be
repeated.

ADDRESS:

SHAW AND CO.,
Dept. "F," THE LONDON TAILORS,
8, LOVD-LANE, WOOD-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

STARTLING, BUT TRUE.

HANDSOME BLOUSE FREE.

JUST TO CLEAR OUT the remainder of a Batch of
from South of France. These
CUSTOMER'S **SHIRT** in **Wool** or
of **Black** **SILK** **SALON** **SHIRT** **or**
and for **coverings**, and **tailors**,
free of **all** **charge**, a **Handsome**

BLACK SILKETTEE BLOUSE.

Bound in Angoracane to SHIRT, and Wearing Ties of
THESE SHIRTS ARE OUT IN THE VERY
LATEST FASHION.

SEND AT ONCE.

As this Offer will Only Remains Open a Few Days
and the present stock is exhausted cannot be
repeated.

Address:

SHAW AND CO.

Depot. "F." THE LONDON TAILOR,

6, LOVE-LANE, WOOD-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PIPER PAN.

Herr Kubelik has again been the chief lion of the summer concert sea-

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

Certain, who recovered the bodies had to drive the wild dogs away from the corpses, and even after he had buried them under 5ft. of sand, and returned next day to remove them, the dogs had reopened the graves, and torn the bodies piecemeal. Their ravages among the young cattle are very great. The whole of the bush in the county of Croajingolong and over into the territory of New South Wales is overrun with the beasts.

WILL WORKMAN.

THE ACTOR.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Robert Buchanan came, after all, somewhat as a surprise, for it was thought that he might possibly linger on for an indefinite period of time. Death must, in a sense, have been a happy issue out of his afflictions, for it was certain that he could never have done any further work in the world. His death is a sad one. To play goers his name is well known. Over

OLD IZAAK.

From Grove Ferry (Kent) I heard that a marvellous head of fish, particularly roach, worked up the lower Stour for spawning, and have nearly all gone back to the main stream, where, at low water, they may be seen scouring themselves on the shallows. Kirby, the river-keeper there, states that everything promises well for a successful season.

Anglers are increasing in the provinces as well as in London, and at the last meeting of the Birmingham Angling Association committee twenty new clubs were enrolled. The prohibition of Sunday contests at Farnham remains in force, but there is a perfectly good ground for hope the subject to proper conditions, they may in time be permitted again. It is not so much the anglers as their followers

MR. WHEELER.

The point that I think most affects cyclists is the width of the roadway where these tramways are permitted. A tramway company should be compelled to widen the roads at their own expense when they want to take their cars down such narrow places as, say, Brentford High street. In some parts of the thoroughfare the cars come so close to the curb as to render it quite impossible for even a cyclist to pass between them and the pavement, and this, of course, entails the cyclist riding behind the car and having dismount when the car stops.

Some people seem to think that because I have drawn attention to the proposed meet of riders of the ordinary that I am anxious to purchase specimens of these machines and I have had several letters from dealers and others offering to sell

MARANE.

The Edna Blouse is in a pretty combination of betiste and muslin. The betiste may be in a colour such as pink, pale blue, or green, and is broken up with trimming of lace insertion arranged in diamond fashion.



One of the most important attributes of clothing for a visit to the bathhouse is the bathing-dress. White always-blue serge are the favorite materials for looking very dapper. White is thought for looks very smart, in which always becoming, except to the young and slender figure; for, if one has inclination towards "emacipation" they have a tendency to exaggerate the figure. They are no longer made in a full and voluminous style. We have seen women in the corner of this establishment of dress; and, however it is contrasted with a white dress, it is contrasted with a full train or a short one, and with a high collar.

White serge costumes are very popular this summer, and will probably be fashionable for the river. A sample dress of white serge I saw lately had a tiny bolero, cut up in the back, and worn over a blouse of pale blue and white silk. The bolero had revers of the serge, stitched closely with pale blue silk, and fastened with tiny

Another popular and useful style is the sailor which I have stated before can be varied by changing the colour or vest. Dainty undershirts for women wearing under light dresses are a necessity in the summer months. Some very pretty frilled cambric in various colours can be bought from as low as 1s. 11½d., while at 2s. 11d. and 4s. 11d. they are quite elaborately trimmed with lace.

PATTERN ORDER FORM.

to waistline.

A narrow piece of lace should be at round waist, and accurate measurements made from it. Such patterns are as follows:

| | | | | |
|-----|------|------|-------|-------|
| No. | Size | Bust | Waist | Slits |
| 1 | 2 | 34 | 28 | 2 |
| 2 | 3 | 36 | 30 | 2 1/2 |
| 3 | 4 | 38 | 32 | 3 |

NECKLINE PRICES:—Hats or Bodices, 4 stitches old each, or cut to measure, 75¢ each; bodice lining in brown finished on to measure 1

LIBEL ACTION AGAINST
NEWSPAPERS

The L. and N.W. Co. announce
on every Wednesday, until fur-
ther notice (July 31 and Aug. 7 except)
cheap day excursions will be
made from the Union Station at 9.15 a. m. for E.

Messrs. Jerome and Co., of Liverpool, complain that in some recent list last week's "People" we have done an injustice to the character of Waterbury watch and send us a bundle of testimonials bearing incontestable testimony to its excellence. We are sorry to have even suggested that Waterbury is not in every way worthy of its fame as a cheap and efficient timekeeper.

"AN OUNCE OF FACT IS WORTH A SHIPLOAD OF ARGUMENT."

and it is an Acknowledged Well-proven Fact

9

BEECHAM'S PILL

AND AN ABSOLUTELY
UNRIKING BENEFIT FOR

ENLIGEN ATTACKS

NERVOUS DISORDERS.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.

INDIGESTION, and many

KINDERD AILMENTS.

THEFORE,

of spurious "argument" advanced by

these interests in the sale of various preparations of mushroom growth.

Remember,

BEECHAM'S PILL

Have been tried and trusted over 20

million bags, and in spite of all

competition they become more popular every day, and this is not due to

"Argument" and persuasion, said to
the Post that

THEY BROUGHT THEMSELVES

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DISINFECTING A ROOM AFTER ILLNESS OR AGENT BURN.—Asked by several correspondents how to burn sulphur for one or other of these purposes, must first remark that with regard to the infection after illness, some experts differ widely as to the best thing to do, and the mode of using it. What I give, however, perhaps the most generally accepted method. Everything that can be destroyed without much loss ought to be burnt. What remains should be spread out, hanging on lines about the room. The chimneys, flues, doors and all crevices, even the keyholes should be stopped. Supposing the room is not a large one, about a quarter to half pound should be burnt. The sulphur should be broken into small pieces, and some recommended a quarter of a pound of sulphur to be added to a pound of flour. All should be put in an iron vessel, and this ought to be placed on bricks in a large washtub, half filled with water, or on tongs laid across a pair of water to prevent risk of fire. When the arrangements are made sprinkle a little water over the sulphur to moisten it, and mix it with a good match, or as some think better, with the spirit and set it alight by adding a few hot coals, and as soon as you find it has taken fire, at once leave the room, for the fumes of burning sulphur are very poisonous, and may quickly overpower you. You leave the room tightly closed for at least 24 hours. Some leave it for 48 hours. Great care must be taken when emptying the room of the fumes, if possible a window should be opened from the outside to let them escape. If the door is opened, the door is opened, but if that cannot be done, open up all the doors and windows of the adjoining rooms, staircase, or passages, before you open the door of the room you have been disinfecting, and allow no one to go into it before the fumes have cleared away. This sulphur is considered to kill all insect life, hence it is considered

the heads of 60 prominent Mideva tribesmen figured on spikes over the city gates of the port of Rabat, and a similar number adorned the gates at Fes. The Kaïd, whose full name is HARRY LUBERY, de la Maclean, is a C.M.G.O., and is 51 years of age. He is married, and has three daughters and one son living. At Fes and Marrakesh the family live in palaces of oriental magnificence. The army, which this intrepid Scotsman is the Commander-in-Chief comprises about 20,000 men, and it is equipped with European rifles. As a native of this country Kaïd Maclean has been able to serve the British Government in Morocco from time to time, and his services have been greatly appreciated.

At Birmingham, Frederick Bodman, tobacconist, was fined £10 and £10 costs for having sold tobacco to which a false trade description—that of "G. Phillips and Sons Grand Cut"—had been applied.

THE MIDLANDS BOILER ENGINEERS (VOL-
unteers, or ex and being
inspected, medical
inspection and certificate

[illegible]

MANCHESTER.
23, MARKET-STREET, BOLTON.
23, GEORGE-STREET, NOVE.

COOKING OILS, FATS, AND BUTTERS
FROM THE FINEST SELECTED OILS
AND BUTTERS OF THE WORLD.

DUBLIN, CONE KILL, IRELAND, Ballina, Galway
Sligo, etc. on THURSDAY, June 30th, via Limerick

[illegible]

(also) returning June 24th, 27th, or 29th. a
bill for travel, etc.

[illegible]

SPECIAL HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS from LA
New Orleans, New York, Boston, and

[illegible]

Days) Sundays (for One or Two days), Mondays and Thursdays (for Half-day and One Day) Ashby Magna, Brackley, Calver, Chatterton.

[illegible]

OLETHORPES BRIDLINGTON, VILLY, MOOD'S

[illegible]

FROM LONDON BY

[illegible]

Meakin (70) was second with 8 out of 9. Mary
Wesley Watson and Mr. J. Hannay shared 21
in the pool of a 23 sweepstakes at 21 year
with 20 kills each.

BANKERS.
LLOYDS BANK, Limited, 52, Lombard-street, London, E.C.
and Liverpool, Birmingham, and

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Applications will be made to the Committee of the London and Liverpool Stock Exchanges in due course by the Committee of the Company's Share-Corps of the Proprietors in relation to the new Company, containing the particulars required by the Committee, and the same may be obtained from the Managers, directors, or secretaries, of any of the above-named Companies. An application for Shares will be accepted of persons who are able to furnish with such Companies no above-named Companies, in particular, applications must not be made upon the basis of the consideration stated above.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

FRANCE.—The answer to your question is too obvious to be treated seriously, even when you have delivered your letter. Far value, of course.

G. E. N. A.

T. W. S. E.—Impossible to say.

ANSWRY.—Better go to a solid insurance company.

SHADWTH.—Hold both for higher prices.

JES. E. JONES.—More so, undoubtedly.

W. H. H. H.—Hold.

W. H. H. H.—Hold for the present.

H. H. H. H.—Hold. They are waiting for a super on the property.

MASON HAT.—It might probably be better to cut your loss and reinvest. However, write what you paid for them.

W. W. FRANK.—They are likely to go lower, but when the war is over they will recover.

[illegible]

APARTMENTS.—(Continued).

TRAINED NURSES offers good homes, with board, 22, **Walsingham Road, Merton Park, Putnam.**

EXPERIENCED (London) wanted, **from about 15** to 20 **and 25** **and 30** **and 35** **and 40** **and 45** **and 50** **and 55** **and 60** **and 65** **and 70** **and 75** **and 80** **and 85** **and 90** **and 95** **and 100** **and 105** **and 110** **and 115** **and 120** **and 125** **and 130** **and 135** **and 140** **and 145** **and 150** **and 155** **and 160** **and 165** **and 170** **and 175** **and 180** **and 185** **and 190** **and 195** **and 200** **and 205** **and 210** **and 215** **and 220** **and 225** **and 230** **and 235** **and 240** **and 245** **and 250** **and 255** **and 260** **and 265** **and 270** **and 275** **and 280** **and 285** **and 290** **and 295** **and 300** **and 305** **and 310** **and 315** **and 320** **and 325** **and 330** **and 335** **and 340** **and 345** **and 350** **and 355** **and 360** **and 365** **and 370** **and 375** **and 380** **and 385** **and 390** **and 395** **and 400** **and 405** **and 410** **and 415** **and 420** **and 425** **and 430** **and 435** **and 440** **and 445** **and 450** **and 455** **and 460** **and 465** **and 470** **and 475** **and 480** **and 485** **and 490** **and 495** **and 500** **and 505** **and 510** **and 515** **and 520** **and 525** **and 530** **and 535** **and 540** **and 545** **and 550** **and 555** **and 560** **and 565** **and 570** **and 575** **and 580** **and 585** **and 590** **and 595** **and 600** **and 605** **and 610** **and 615** **and 620** **and 625** **and 630** **and 635** **and 640** **and 645** **and 650** **and 655** **and 660** **and 665** **and 670** **and 675** **and 680** **and 685** **and 690** **and 695** **and 700** **and 705** **and 710** **and 715** **and 720** **and 725** **and 730** **and 735** **and 740** **and 745** **and 750** **and 755** **and 760** **and 765** **and 770** **and 775** **and 780** **and 785** **and 790** **and 795** **and 800** **and 805** **and 810** **and 815** **and 820** **and 825** **and 830** **and 835** **and 840** **and 845** **and 850** **and 855** **and 860** **and 865** **and 870** **and 875** **and 880** **and 885** **and 890** **and 895** **and 900** **and 905** **and 910** **and 915** **and 920** **and 925** **and 930** **and 935** **and 940** **and 945** **and 950** **and 955** **and 960** **and 965** **and 970** **and 975** **and 980** **and 985** **and 990** **and 995** **and 1000** **and 1005** **and 1010** **and 1015** **and 1020** **and 1025** **and 1030** **and 1035** **and 1040** **and 1045** **and 1050** **and 1055** **and 1060** **and 1065** **and 1070** **and 1075** **and 1080** **and 1085** **and 1090** **and 1095** **and 1100** **and 1105** **and 1110** **and 1115** **and 1120** **and 1125** **and 1130** **and 1135** **and 1140** **and 1145** **and 1150** **and 1155** **and 1160** **and 1165** **and 1170** **and 1175** **and 1180** **and 1185** **and 1190** **and 1195** **and 1200** **and 1205** **and 1210** **and 1215** **and 1220** **and 1225** **and 1230** **and 1235** **and 1240** **and 1245** **and 1250** **and 1255** **and 1260** **and 1265** **and 1270** **and 1275** **and 1280** **and 1285** **and 1290** **and 1295** **and 1300** **and 1305** **and 1310** **and 1315** **and 1320** **and 1325** **and 1330** **and 1335** **and 1340** **and 1345** **and 1350** **and 1355** **and 1360** **and 1365** **and 1370** **and 1375** **and 1380** **and 1385** **and 1390** **and 1395** **and 1400** **and 1405** **and 1410** **and 1415** **and 1420** **and 1425** **and 1430** **and 1435** **and 1440** **and 1445** **and 1450** **and 1455** **and 1460** **and 1465** **and 1470** **and 1475** **and 1480** **and 1485** **and 1490** **and 1495** **and 1500** **and 1505** **and 1510** **and 1515** **and 1520** **and 1525** **and 1530** **and 1535** **and 1540** **and 1545** **and 1550** **and 1555** **and 1560** **and 1565** **and 1570** **and 1575** **and 1580** **and 1585** **and 1590** **and 1595** **and 1600** **and 1605** **and 1610** **and 1615** **and 1620** **and 1625** **and 1630** **and 1635** **and 1640** **and 1645** **and 1650** **and 1655** **and 1660** **and 1665** **and 1670** **and 1675** **and 1680** **and 1685** **and 1690** **and 1695** **and 1700** **and 1705** **and 1710** **and 1715** **and 1720** **and 1725** **and 1730** **and 1735** **and 1740** **and 1745** **and 1750** **and 1755** **and 1760** **and 1765** **and 1770** **and 1775** **and**

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